10 KILLED AND 11 INJURED IN LAST ZEPPELIN RAID

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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VOUCHER

THE MAN WHO STRAFED A RAIDING AIRSHIP: MAGNIFICENT FEAT BY A ROYAL FLYING CORPS OFFICER.

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"Lieutenant Brandon (R.F.C.) on rising to 6,000ft. at 9.45 p.m., saw a *Zeppelin* about 3,000ft. above him. At 9,000ft. he got over it and attacked, dropping several bombs, three of which he believes took effect. At 10 p.m. he got over the airship again, and let off two more bombs over her nose. His own machine was hit many times by machine-gun bullets. This may have been the *Zeppelin* which dropped the machine-gun, ammunition, petrol tank and machinery, or possibly that which came down off the Thames estuary." This is an extract from the Press Bureau's communiqué, and above are two photographs of the airman named in the report. Lieutenant Brandon learnt to fly at the Hall Aviation School at Hendon last year and has therefore not had to wait long for an opportunity to put his skil! to his country's service.

FIRE BOMBS DROPPED IN FIRST ZEPPELIN RAID ON SCOTTISH COAST

South-East Coast Cottage Surrounded by Bomb Craters.

"HUNS WENT MAD."

Rapid Fire of Missiles Which Killed Four Chickens!

The Press Bureau issued the following statement early yesterday:—

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Air Raid.—A Zeppelin raid took place last night on the coast of Scotland and the northern and south-eastern counties of England were attacked.

Bombs were dropped at various places, but no details are at present available.

A further communication will be issued later.

This is the third Zeppelin raid on Britain in three days and the first on Scotland. The two other raids occurred on Friday and Saturday nights.

Scotland had its first experiences of a Zeppelin raid last night, says the Exchange Scottish correspondent.

The enemy airship appeared at ten minutes before midnight and circled over a town until 12.30. Many bombs were dropped.

Warning had been given of the Zepp's approach by the electric light being cut off, but the people remained calm, and many of them left their houses for the street in order to get a better view of the raider.

No building of any public importance was struck, although from the manœuvring of the airship this was not the fault of the Huns, who circled over the town two or three times.

RESCUED BY FIRE ESCAPES.

A considerable amount of damage was done in the residential part of the town.

Five people were killed in a passage leading to a tenement of buildings, and the other inhabitants of the tenement had to make good their escape by means of the fire escapes.

Two servant-girls employed in a doctor's house were killed, while a man was killed in one of the public thoroughfares.

Two hotels were struck, and in one instance the bomb penetrated from the roof to the basement.

People were killed and seriously injured.

In another part of the Scottish East Coast bombs were dropped.

The Press Association correspondent on the East Coast of Scotland telegraphs that shortly before midnight a number of incendiary bombs were dropped.

Bombs were dropped over a considerable area while the district was in darkness, says the Central News. Two bombs were seen falling closely one after the other.

There was a lull for about ten minutes, after which about half a dozen more bombs were dropped.

The attack on the North-East Coast, says the Exchange Telegraph Company, began about midnight. Twenty bombs were thrown. They fell in fields and caused no material damage or injury. The airship left in a northerly direction.

It was reported yesterday that one of the raiding Zeppelins developed serious engine trouble, for what was described as "tremendous bumping" was noticeable.

The engines were stopped, but though the searchlights from the land continued to sweep the sky all trace of the airship was lost.

UNEXPLODED BOMB IN LAWN.

An Exchange Telegraph Company's South-East Coast correspondent says:—

Shortly before midnight a Zeppelin passed over and literally rained bombs in a certain rural district. Although many bombs were dropped in a few minutes, the only loss of life was that occasioned by the killing of four chickens in a fowlhouse at the rear of a cottage.

Although it is now surrounded by bomb craters, the house was not hit. Every window in the building was shattered, and an unexploded bomb lies buried in the lawn a few feet from the front door.

One hole in the rear is large enough to accommodate an ordinary-sized haystack.

An eye-witness said the occupants of the Zeppelin appeared as if they had suddenly gone mad, and dropped bombs as if they were turning them out of a "tip-cart."

The airship was plainly seen by a large number of people.

HEARD THE SOUND OF GUNS.

Rumours of the approach of Zeppelins gained currency in London at a relatively early hour on Sunday night.

It was apparent that the weather conditions were favourable, and there was no very great surprise when, soon after eleven, the call for special constables was issued.

Soon after midnight dwellers in certain outlying districts caught the sound of distant firing, which, however, soon died away again.

Some people also claimed to have heard the sound of airship motors.

MAN WHO BOMBED THE ZEPP.

Lieutenant Brandon, R.F.C., whose feat in dropping bombs on the L 15 is the subject of admiration everywhere, got his pilot's certificate within seven weeks of his first ascent.

The Anzacs in London, officers and privates, are enthusiastic in acclaiming their fellow-countryman.

Some interesting details about Lieutenant Brandon were given to *The Daily Mirror* by Miss Brandon, the lieutenant's aunt.

The hero of Saturday's exploit is the son of Mr. Alfred de Bathe Brandon, of Wellington, New Zealand.

Although enjoying a good practice as a barrister in New Zealand, Lieutenant Brandon threw it up on the outbreak of war to come to England.

At that time he knew absolutely nothing about flying, and his first experience of air-travel was made as a passenger.

"He has often expressed to me," said Miss Brandon, "his desire to have a shot at a Zeppelin.

"He is a very quiet, unobtrusive man. By now he has probably forgotten the raid and is looking forward to the next one."

IN HIGH SPIRITS.

The captured commander and crew of the L 15 are in high spirits, according to a man who saw them at Chatham.

"They seemed to regard themselves as great heroes," he said. "I heard them boasting about the places that they imagined they had visited, and saying the Zeppelin fleet was so large that the loss of one ship didn't count."

The *New York Herald* (European edition) publishes a telegram describing the visit of its London correspondent to the military barracks at Chatham, where he saw and talked with the officers and crew.

"I accept full responsibility for the actions of my crew," said Lieutenant-Commander Carl Breithaupt, the commander of Zeppelin L 15, which was brought down and sunk in the Thames Estuary on Friday.

He expressed incredulity when he was told that the raiders had not damaged any military establishments.

A Kent correspondent who saw the L 15's encounter with the anti-aircraft guns says one shell struck her in the elevating and depressing gear at the rear.

Another shell from the same gun burst right underneath one of the carriages and, as she turned, another shell met her in front.

HOW LONDONERS WERE STRANDED.

With the experiences of Friday night fresh in their memories, many thousands of Londoners determined to leave the City for their suburban homes early last night.

For, on Friday, and again on Sunday, night thousands of unfortunate people found themselves stranded at the various London termini because, owing to the Zeppelin raids, all trains had been stopped.

Outside King's Cross Station an anxious City man, bargaining with the driver of an ancient four-wheeler, eventually agreed to terms, which included stabling the cabby's horse for the night at the distant suburb to which he wished to be driven, and providing lodging for the cabby himself.

One well-known business man kept late at his office on Friday night left Holborn all unknowingly to catch a train from Liverpool-street soon after ten o'clock. He spent a miserable six hours at the station, and reached his home in Essex at six o'clock in the morning.

ROYAL GIFTS FOR SALE.

The King Gives Chinese Embroidery to Red Cross Society.

Christie's historic saleroom was almost impassable yesterday.

The occasion was the private view of the many treasures given by the King and his subjects to be sold in aid of the Red Cross.

The first thing that struck the eye upon entering was a sheet of golden satin upon which dragons, bats and other strange-wrought creatures caught the sun's rays.

This is the King's gift to the sale—a priceless hanging of Chinese embroidery.

The sacred Chinese jewel is scattered over the surface and emblems of fortune and longevity are interspersed.

Opposite hangs another Eastern marvel—a white satin drapery embroidered with scenes of Chinese Court life. This was given by King Manoel.

A special case holds two magnificent hammered gold bracelets given by the Queen.

Brilliantly jewelled flower-sprays decorate the outside and a message from the Queen the inner surface.

Laces, plate, ivories, rare engravings, delicate porcelain, gleaming jewels—these are but a minute part of the treasures to be offered from Thursday onwards.

£7,333 FOR BRITISH CREW.

As salvage remuneration for capturing the Greek steamer Pontoporos, which had fallen a victim to the Emden in the Bay of Bengal, the Admiralty Court yesterday awarded £7,333, a sixth of her value, to Captain Cochrane and the crew of H.M.S. Yarmouth.

The Yarmouth found the Emden's supply vessel Markomannia lashed alongside the Pontoporos taking coal from her for the Emden.

Sir Samuel Evans held that the Germans would have destroyed this Greek vessel, and the Court declined to believe that any promise made from the Emden to restore the Pontoporos to her owners was ever intended to be kept.

BUDGET DAY.

Another £100,000,000 of Fresh Taxes Expected This Afternoon.

FATE OF NEXT LOAN.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

The well-kept secrets of Mr. McKenna's anxiously-awaited Budget will be disclosed this afternoon. The Chancellor will be "up" at a quarter to four or thereabouts, and, maintaining his reputation for concise exposition, will have finished his statement in an hour.

If, as is generally expected, he raises another £100,000,000, it will be necessary for him either to widen the present basis of taxation or enormously increase existing taxes.

The disproportion between direct and indirect taxation has been particularly marked during the past two years, as will be seen from the following figures:—

	Indirect.	Direct.
1913-14	£75,049,000	£74,608,000
1914-15	80,975,000	97,781,000
1915-16	120,816,000	159,355,000

An extra £100,000,000 would raise the revenue to about £430,000,000. In peace times it is about £200,000,000.

There was a strong feeling in financial circles yesterday that the Chancellor would be well advised to increase the strain of direct taxation as little as possible, particularly in view of the fact that the success of another huge loan, which will shortly be issued, largely depends upon the resources of the people who are hardest hit by direct taxes.

The new indirect taxes foreshadowed in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* are generally expected.

E. A. J.

AURORA SAFE IN PORT.

Chief Officer Tells How Blizzard Snapped Hawsers Like Thread.

PORT CHALMERS (New Zealand), Monday.—The Aurora has just arrived here. All on board are well, except two minor cases of illness among the crew, both of whom are recovering.—Reuter.

PORT CHALMERS, Monday.—Mr. Stenhouse has made a statement regarding the circumstances of the breaking adrift of the Aurora.

He said the ship was so buckled by her six weeks' pressure from the ice that the ship's party were on the point of abandoning her and sending a wireless message home to the King asking his Majesty to send a relief expedition, when she managed to get clear.

Enough hawsers and anchors were out to moor a battleship, but they were snapped like thread by the blizzard. As the ship drifted away the lights of the little hut occupied by the landing party were seen.—Reuter.

DUNEDIN, Monday.—Mr. Stenhouse, chief officer of the Aurora, was officially welcomed by the Harbour Board.

In response, he made a speech, in which he said:—

"Sir Ernest Shackleton is the finest leader I know and the most courageous of men. I am fully confident that he will win through. He will be the man to get across the south polar continent if anyone can."—Reuter.

PORT CHALMERS (New Zealand), Monday.—Mr. Lakeman, the wireless operator of the tug Dunedin, the relief vessel which towed the Aurora into port, said that the three cheers given by the rescued crew were worth all the sickness and trouble involved in the search.

Most touching was the wireless message received from the Aurora: "Is all well with the Old Country? We have had no news for seventeen months."

In reply the latest war news was given.—Reuter.

ROUTED HUNS SINGLE-HANDED.

M. Peter Ustimovitch, a State Councillor and member of the Petrograd District Court, relates a story of fine heroism on the part of a soldier, Jerenty Fedorovitch Semeneko, which he learnt while on a visit to the Russian front.

Jerenty Semenko.

The trench in which Semeneko was stationed had been almost entirely swept away by the German artillery fire, and the Huns, in great force and densely-packed rows, advanced in the belief that the trench had been abandoned. Semeneko mounted an undamaged Maxim on the crest of the trench, waited till the Germans were within fifty paces and then drenched them with bullets, causing them to retreat in disorder.

For this he was promoted to sergeant-major, recommended for the Fourth Division of the Military Order of Merit, and also for the Victoria Cross.

CLYDE STRIKE ENDED.

The Clyde strike is ended. At a mass meeting yesterday the men decided to resume work to-day.

WILD SCENE IN SCOTS RECRUITING DEPOT.

Lieutenant Charged with Kicking an Applicant.

AMAZING INQUIRY STORY.

A strange story of a quarrel between a lieutenant and a recruit was told at a court of inquiry at Aberdeen yesterday, when Lieutenant Plummer, of the Gordon Highlanders, was charged with assaulting a recruit named Stewart, when he presented himself to be attested at the Aberlour Drill Hall.

Stewart said there was delay in his being attested and when he spoke to the officer about it he was told to get out or else he would be put out.

He was speaking to a gentleman, when Lieutenant Plummer rose, struck him, knocking him down, and kicked him in the mouth.

He had to go to the doctor to get his mouth stitched. He reported the case to the local policeman.

THE OFFICER'S DEFENCE.

Lieutenant Plummer afterwards tried to get him to squash the case and gave him 7s. 6d.

Lieutenant Plummer's statement was that Stewart was under the influence of drink, was pushing himself forward and using abusive and improper language.

He struck Stewart under the jaw and cut his lip.

This was in self-defence as Stewart refused to go out and struggled when he was being put out by the lieutenant.

The 7s. 6d. was to pay the doctor for stitching the man's lip and the proposal to Stewart to withdraw the charge came from the Provost of Aberlour, who did not want the affair to get into the newspapers.

Dr. Sellar, of Aberlour, said Stewart was perfectly sober when he came to get his lip stitched, but he admitted that the blow given by Lieutenant Plummer might have sobered him.

CONCEALED SINGER.

An Air of Handel Sung at Captain's Wedding to K.C.'s Daughter.

The feature of yesterday's wedding—that of Captain Algernon Peyton to Miss Joan Dugdale—was the singing of Miss Muriel Foster, who, concealed behind a pillar of the chancel, rendered an air of Handel after the address.

Miss Joan Dugdale was given away by her father, Mr. John Stratford Dugdale, K.C., one of the best-known figures in Warwickshire. She wore a gown of shimmering satin, a tunic of old cream lace hiding its gleams. A wreath of orange-blossom held a pearl edged net veil, which in turn was held by an enamelled and pearl edged heart brooch, a gift of the khaki-clad bridegroom.

The bride carried a sheaf of lilies, and wore a double rope of silver and pearls round her beautiful gown.

BOY'S HAND BLOWN OUT OF WINDOW.

Playing with a hand grenade, which exploded, a boy, aged fifteen, named Shelly Drury, of Uxbridge-road, Hampton Hill, received serious injuries.

One hand was blown out of the window.

The furniture in the room was damaged, and two small children had a narrow escape.

The injured boy, who picked up the grenade on a common, thought that the cap had been taken out.

A revolver which two signal boys were handling yesterday on a small warship in Portsmouth Harbour went off, killing a lad named Charles Cox.

ACTRESS'S £750 DAMAGES.

A stay of execution for a week pending an application for leave to appeal was granted yesterday in the Court of Appeal in the case in which Miss Doris Rhoda Burton, an actress, obtained a verdict for £750 against George Dresden, a diamond merchant, of Hatton Garden.

The condition of stay was that the defendant should pay the damages into court before the application for leave was made on Monday next.

It was stated that Miss Burton, who had been touring abroad, was at present out of an engagement, her only income being an allowance from her mother.

HUSBANDS MEET LORD DERBY.

Lord Derby, at the War Office, yesterday received another deputation promoted by the National Union of Attested Married Men, representative of the whole of the country.

Their object was to place before Lord Derby the resolution passed at the Albert Hall meeting and to discuss with him the position of the married men called to the colours.

Twelve hours per day are put in standing at an operating table, it was stated at Clerkenwell County Court, by a doctor with an artificial leg.

SIX ZEPPELINS DROP NEARLY 200 BOMBS AND INFLICT 21 CASUALTIES

Haphazard Methods of Sunday Night Raiders.

HOTELS DAMAGED.

No Victims So Far Reported in English Areas.

BAFFLED BY OUR GUNS.

Further details of the third Zeppelin raid within three days were issued yesterday by the War Office. From the baby-killers' point of view, the raid must have been sadly disappointing.

HINDERED BY OUR GUNS.

Six Zeppelins took part in the raid and dropped nearly 200 bombs, explosive and incendiary, over a very wide area. In all they inflicted twenty-one casualties, none of which, so far as is known at present, occurred in England.

The official statement describes the manner in which the raiders' movements were hindered by our anti-aircraft guns, while on another page will be found graphic stories from the various localities where bombs were dropped.

THE NEW BATTLE OF VAUX.

Fighting in the Douaumont-Vaux region continued all night, says the French official communiqué, and was favourable for our Ally. It was here that on Sunday the Germans launched four simultaneous attacks, as a result of which they penetrated the Caillette Wood. They were driven back, however, into the northern portion immediately.

FRENCH RETAKE GROUND.

The French have now retaken some further ground in this wood. It is confirmed that Sunday's big attack was made on a front of nearly two miles in successive waves. Heavy losses were inflicted on the advancing Germans by the French guns.

ZEPPELIN DROPS 8 BOMBS ON DUNKIRK.

Two Civilians Killed and Four Injured —Some Damage Done.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—The following official statement was issued this afternoon :—

Last night a Zeppelin dropped eight bombs on the town of Dunkirk, causing material damage of slight importance.

Two civilians were killed and four injured.

7,000-TON STEAMER SUNK.

Lloyd's reports the torpedoing without warning of the British steamer Achilles, 7,043 tons, belonging to Messrs. A. Holt and Co.

Lloyd's also reports the sinking of the Glasgow steamer Perth, six men being lost; and the Norwegian steamer Ino

CHRISTIANIA, Monday.—The Norwegian Legation in Paris, in a report to the Foreign Office here, states that the steamer Hans Gude, of Bergen, was torpedoed in the morning of March 31, and that the crew were saved by a French patrol boat, which arrived at Brest the same evening.—Reuter.

ALMERIA, Sunday.—The Danish steamer Loly Jensen reports that she picked up in the Bay of Biscay, on March 26, a boat with sixteen men of Norwegian, Danish, Dutch and Portuguese nationality belonging to the crew of the Norwegian vessel Norne, of Bergen, which sailed from Villagarcia for Cardiff

The men, who were almost destitute of clothing, stated that when their vessel reached the Bay of Biscay she was torpedoed by a German submarine, which gave her crew ten minutes in which to leave the ship. The men were landed here.—Reuter.

TURKS CLAIM SUCCESS.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—An official communiqué issued in Constantinople says :—

On the Irak front nothing of importance occurred.

On the Caucasian front we have forced some of the enemy's advanced posts to retreat. In this zone our operations are proceeding successfully.—Central News.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS UPSET RAIDERS' PLANS.

PRESS BUREAU, Monday, 4.55 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

It appears that altogether six Zeppelins took part in the raid of last night.

Three of them raided the south-eastern counties of Scotland, one the north-east coast of England, and the remaining two the eastern counties of England.

The vessels which raided Scotland crossed the coast at 9 p.m., 9.45 p.m., and 10.15 p.m. respectively, and cruised over the south-eastern counties of Scotland until about 1.10 a.m.

Their course gave no indication of any special locality of attack, but in all thirty-six explosive and seventeen incendiary bombs were dropped at various places, damaging some hotels and dwelling-houses.

The following are the casualties which have been reported up to the present in Scotland:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Killed	7	0	3	10
Injured	5	2	4	11

One vessel visited the north-east coast and dropped twenty-two explosive and fifteen incendiary bombs.

The two remaining ships crossed the English coast about 10.15 p.m. and cruised over the eastern counties until about 1 a.m.

They were both engaged at various times by anti-aircraft artillery and appear to have been prevented by this means from selecting any definite locality as their objective.

Thirty-three explosive and sixty-five incendiary bombs were dropped by these two vessels.

As far as can be ascertained no casualties were caused in England.

DUTCH CRISIS PUZZLE STILL UNSOLVED.

No Truth in Report That Allies Were Going to Land Troops in Holland.

Reuter's Agency has been officially informed that there is no development between Great Britain or her Allies and the Netherlands to account for the sensational rumours yesterday in Holland.

Nothing adverse to the Netherlands was discussed or mentioned at the Paris Conference.

There is no truth in the report that the Allies have or had in contemplation the landing of an armed force on Dutch territory.

The stories circulated by the Germans are pure invention.

In reference to Holland's military precautions, the Wireless Press states that immediately Holland gave out that military measures and precautions were being taken Germany gave orders to the Press to afford special prominence to the statement that never were relations more cordial between the Netherlands and Germany than at present.

The Central News Glasgow correspondent telegraphs: A significant order has come on the British market. Manufacturers of khaki cloth have been hurriedly invited to tender for no less than a quarter of a million yards of khaki Army cloth for a neutral Government. Tenders are returnable without delay.

The above is particularly interesting, coming at a time when there are reports of warlike preparations in Holland.

UNFORTUNATE KING.

ATHENS, Sunday.—The *Kiryx*, the official organ of the Venizelos Party, commenting on the interview of the King with the correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, severely reproaches the Government with having put into the mouth of the King clearly unconstitutional statements which it regards as especially detrimental to the national interests, and concludes :—

"Unfortunate are those kings who allow themselves to be led away by blind politicians, and even more unfortunate still are those nations whose kings allow themselves to become the victims of such politicians."

The article has created a lively sensation amongst all classes of society.—Exchange.

MR. ASQUITH VISITS THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Stirring Ovation for British Premier in Streets of Rome.

ROME, Monday.—At half-past nine this morning Mr. Asquith arrived in the Italian war zone, accompanied by Sir Rennell Rodd, General Radcliff, and General Elia.

He was greeted at the station by General Brusati, first aide-de-camp to the King of Italy, General Porro, sub-Chief of the General Staff, and the civil and military authorities.

Amid most cordial greetings the Premier passed through the gaily-decorated villages on his way to the Italian Headquarters.—Reuter.

ROME, Sunday.—A striking procession, with bands and banners, left the Piazza Colonna at six o'clock this evening to march to the railway station.

The streets were lined with crowds of people, who gave loud cheers for Great Britain and the Quadruple Entente as the procession went past.

The station was reached at seven o'clock. Mr. Asquith was given a great ovation on his arrival. His train left at 7.30 for the Italian Headquarters.

The farewell given by Rome to Mr. Asquith is one of the greatest on record.

Mr. Asquith has succeeded in infusing unshakable confidence in Great Britain's determination to win the war at any cost.—Reuter.

HUNS' BLUFF.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—According to a Berlin telegram, at a meeting of the Principal Committee of the Reichstag the Vice-Minister for War gave several details regarding the fighting strength of Germany.

Among other things he said :—"The human material for filling up losses is sufficient for a long time.

"The extension of the liability to military service to men above forty-five years of age is not contemplated.

"Many soldiers who in the course of the war have reached their forty-fifth year have even been withdrawn from service at the front.

"The German losses, as compared with those of our enemies, cannot be described as high. The supply of raw materials is also secured for a long time."—Reuter.

Germans who took part in the last great drive in France. They met the poilus, who made them prisoners in hand-to-hand combat, and the photograph shows how they suffered at the hands of our Allies.

FRENCH GAIN GROUND IN CAILLETTE WOOD.

Night Fighting at Vaux Favourable to Our Ally.

WAVE ATTACKS FAIL.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

The following is a translation of the French communiqué as received from the Press Bureau yesterday afternoon :—

To the west of the Meuse the bombardment continued of the villages of Haucourt and Desnes, without an infantry action.

To the east of the Meuse the fighting, which continued during the night in the region of Douaumont and Vaux, was favourable to us. We gained some ground in the Bois de la Caillette.

Our line supported on the right on the front of Vaux, traverses through the Bois de la Caillette, of which the enemy occupies the Northern Horn, and rejoins our positions to the south and west of the village of Douaumont.

ATTACK ON TWO-MILE FRONT.

It is confirmed that the German attacks yesterday were carried out on a front of nearly two miles in successive waves, followed by small assaulting columns.

Our artillery and our infantry fire inflicted heavy losses in the enemy's ranks.

The night was quiet **in the Woevre and in Lorraine.**

Our artillery caused several outbreaks of fire in the Remabois (west of Leintrey).

In the region of Ancervillers, south of Blamont, an enemy reconnaissance, which attempted to rush our positions, was repulsed by our rifle fire.

Near Noyon a German aeroplane fell in our lines. The aviators were captured.—Reuter.

FOE LAUNCH FOUR BIG ATTACKS FOR VERDUN.

French Leave Vaux Village and Retake Part of Wood.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Sunday.—To-night's official communiqué is as follows :—

Between the Somme and the Oise our artillery displayed particular activity in the region of Parvillers, Fouquescourt, and Lansigny, where some German trenches were wrecked by our fire.

West of the Meuse the Germans launched several strong attacks on the Avocourt Wood redoubt.

All the assaults were repulsed by our curtain and machine gun fire.

East of the Meuse the struggle was very sharp all day.

In the Douaumont-Vaux region the Germans, after a bombardment with large calibre shells, delivered four simultaneous attacks with the effectives of more than a division on our positions between the fort of Douaumont and the village of Vaux.

South-east of Douaumont they penetrated into the wood of La Caillette. Counter-attacks immediately launched by us drove them back into the northern part of this wood.

South of Vaux our line skirts the immediate approaches to the village, of which we have evacuated the last ruined houses.

In the Woevre there was intermittent artillery activity.

In the Wood of Le Pretre an Aviatik was brought down by our special guns and fell in the German lines.

In the Vosges fire from our batteries caused the explosion of a munition depot east of the Reichackerkopf (west of Muenster).—Central News.

MANY GERMAN ATTACKS REPULSED AT VERDUN.

PARIS, Monday.—A semi-official statement issued to-night says :—

On the right bank the Germans attempted to extend the enclave which is formed in our lines by Fort Douaumont, which they occupy.

After a preparation of unprecedented violence by heavy artillery they launched four simultaneous attacks with strong forces—one division—on a front of scarcely 1¼ miles, from Fort Douaumont to the village of Vaux.

They were able, after a very lively struggle, to obtain a footing in the small wood of La Caillette, south-east of the fort, but our vigorous counter-atacks promptly drove them back into the northern part of the copse, not without punishing them severely.

They multiply their battering-ram blows to right and to left of the Meuse without finding a weak spot where they can pierce our defensive organisation, because the hour of surprise is past.—Reuter.

"It has done immense good in helping me to regain strength" (Letter on file.)

Hall's Wine *never fails* to restore lost strength; that is why you—if you are at all run-down—should pin your faith to it.

Trying weather, nerve-racking stress and strain all around—how can you *expect* to keep on without such extra strength as Hall's Wine surely gives you?

Far better take Hall's Wine *now* and buoy up your system to face these health-dangers than let yourself drift to a condition which may mean long illness, incapacity for business, and, perhaps, serious expense.

There is no truer economy than to protect health with such a *proved* safeguard as Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Large size bottle, 3/6. Of Wine Merchants, etc.

554 Stephen Smith & Co., Ld., Bow, London.

Delicious WHITSTABLE NATIVE OYSTERS

4/6 and 6/6 per 100

2/6 and 3/6 for 50.

Direct from the famous Whitstable beds to your door. Carriage paid to any part.

T. POWER, THE GROTTO FISHERIES, 21, Oxford Street, WHITSTABLE.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown or black by the use of

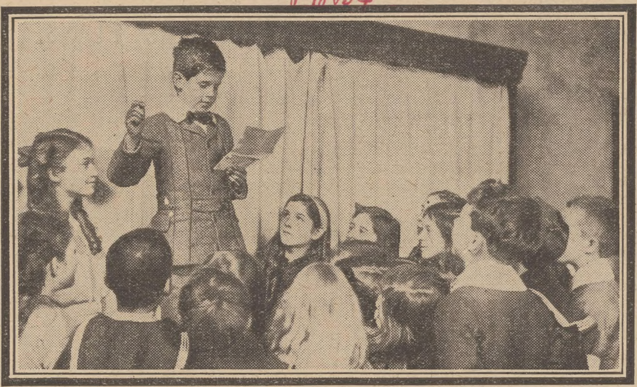
VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(Walnut stain).

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1s., 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address—

C. L. Valentine. 46a, Holborn Viaduct London, E.C

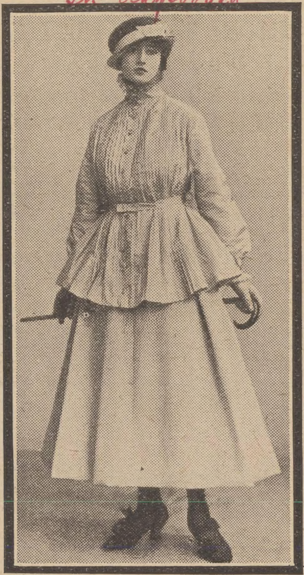
A LETTER FROM ADMIRAL JELLICOE.



Master Eric Sell, of Hendon, reading the autographed letter he received from Sir John Jellicoe, to his schoolmates. With the help of his friends, Eric collected cigarettes and sent them to the men of the Grand Fleet.

SUMMER FASHIONS: THE NEW JACKET BLOUSE.

Grey-striped taffeta dress trimmed with rose velvet ribbons, by Ernest.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



The new jacket blouse now much worn in place of the knitted silk coats. It is by Ernest.

WEDDING.

Lieutenant Pulman.

Miss Bramall.

Lieutenant G. F. Pulman has just been married to Miss E. S. Bramall. Both bride and bridegroom belong to Brondesbury.—(Langfier.)

A WOMAN BRICKMAKER.

A young woman who is working as a brickmaker in the Eastern Counties helping to load a truck with the finished article. This is quite a new sphere for women's labour.

A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO 'HARLENE HAIR-DRILL'

Further Striking Endorsement of the Scientific Method of Growing Beautiful Hair.

1,000,000 FOUR-FOLD SEVEN-DAY OUTFITS FREE.

It is significant that at such a time as this, when the English, French, Italian and Russian nations are so closely allied, one of the most beautiful of French women has given a striking endorsement of a method of growing beautiful hair which has become a National Institution.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is famous the world over as the true scientific method of growing beautiful hair, and the experience of the beautiful Miss Gina Palerme may be that of every reader.

Miss Palerme's beauty and talent have made her famous not only in Great Britain, but in our Allied countries, France and Italy.

Photo] MISS GINA PALERME, [Rita Martin

whose beauty and talent have fascinated not only thousands in this Country, but also in France and Italy, is the latest adherent to the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method.

HOW TO GAIN HAIR BEAUTY.

This is her opinion of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"Whilst I distrust and do not use the many new toilet products, I am obliged to recognise the undoubted merits of your justifiably popular hair preserver and beautifier, 'Harlene Hair-Drill.'

'In my opinion the hair is the most delicate attribute of feminine beauty, and therefore needs the very best care and attention, and this is why I always use 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' for I feel sure that I could not, with security, use a better toilet product.

"All ladies know what an extremely hard task it is to keep the hair in perfect condition, and I therefore strongly advise them to follow my example."

(Signed) GINA PALERME.

Miss Gina Palerme's letter follows that of the many charming Actresses who enthusiastically adopt "Harlene Hair-Drill" for their hair beauty.

Why look old and worried through "skimpy," lifeless hairs? Why suffer from:—

1. Scalp Irritation?
2. Complete or Partial Baldness?
3. Falling Hair?
4. Splitting Hairs?
5. Over-greasiness of the Scalp?
6. Over-dryness of the Scalp?
7. Scurf or Dandruff?

THIS IS YOUR FREE GIFT.

Simply write your name and address on the coupon below and post with 4d. stamps to cover carriage to Edwards' Harlene Co., and you will receive the following outfit:—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," a true Liquid Food for the Hair. It is Tonic Food and Dressing in one.

2. A PACKET OF THE MARVELLOUS HAIR AND SCALP-CLEANSING "CREMEX" SHAMPOO, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair.

4. THE SECRET "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL.

Of course, once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method, you may at any time obtain further supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 2s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of seven shampoos (single 2d. each).

If ordered direct from Edwards' "Harlene" Company, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C., any of the preparations will be sent post free on remittance. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL GIFT COUPON.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE COMPANY, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name ....

Address ....

"Daily Mirror," 4/4/16. ....

Daily Mirror
TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1916.

APRIL IMPULSE.

THESE are no times to be travelling about the world; sea, land, and air being for the moment devoted to other than pleasurable purposes: in consequence, the vernal impulse to "move on somewhere" will, in this second war April, compel itself simply to go on working, either at war work or ordinary work, as though there were no spring expected. Indeed, another April must be taken out of the year. . . .

Thereupon we remember, by contrast, a spring day in early April, 1914. That, you may need to be reminded, was before the war.

We went out to a neighbouring suburb where most easily one gets, for a twopenny omnibus fare, the impression that London ends and the open space begins. One can look over a blue distance towards woods and hills from the common, and imagine that there are no other cities in the world. And on that day the smooth white road was in a continual smoke with innumerable cars obeying the spring impulse to fidget and get somewhere else. A modern flight for the land of adventure!—like the old *embarquement pour Cythere*. The cars and motor-bicycles were escaping, hurriedly; and the people in the houses that lined the common were escaping also—from the cars and motor-bicycles.

That was a busy but self-occupied world given to few gloomy forebodings. A huge over-populated world making away from itself. . . .

What does the white road look like now? Is it covered with motor-bicycles?

We saw a car with wounded soldiers going along it the other day. We saw also a big motor-lorry On His Majesty's Service. Those reckless youths conveying Miss Flappertons for joy rides—where? Invisible, all of them. At the front—or in hiding. The cars? Not being used for pleasure, we hope. All of them—and there were a good many—on beneficent errands. No escape. No week-ends. A suppressed impulse.

What are we to do with this spring instinct this year? Not even war can kill it in Nature. It must be used.

At the front, needless to say, it will be controlled by commanding officers into the combative channel. It will deal hard knocks on the foe.

At home, it must be used in getting on with the war. It must pour money into the Treasury. It must be enrolled, not as usual in extravagant escape, but in sober saving. It must be utilised for a new attitude. But it is a rebellious instinct! Much of it will be left over, uncontrollable. This will have to find expression somehow. In a furtive joy ride? In a hurried, guilty week-end? No doubt with some of us.

The rest will use up their this year's wander-longing—forgive the rather Hun-like expression—in making plans to "get away somewhere"—after the war.

Ah, how that white road will smoke with dust then! W. M.

THE SHIP OF LIFE.

Who builds a ship must first lay down the keel
Of health, whereto the ribs of mirth are wed:
And knit, with beams and knees of strength, a bed
For decks of purity, her floor and ceil.
Upon her masts Adventure, Pride and Zeal,
To fortune's wind the sails of purpose spread:
And at the prow make figured maidenhead
O'erride the seas and answer to the wheel.

And let him deep in memory's hold have stor'd
Water of Helicon: and let him fit
The needle that doth true with Heaven accord:
Then bid her crew, love, diligence and wit
With justice, courage, temperance come aboard,
And at her helm the master reason sit.

—Robert Bridges.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Much in the world may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by discernment and impartial justice.—*Goethe.*

TO-DAY'S BUDGET SPEECH IN THE HOUSE.

FAMOUS CHANCELLORS I HAVE HEARD.

By EDWIN A. JENKINS
(Our Parliamentary Correspondent).

WHATEVER may be the financial flaws in the Budget scheme which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will unfold to the House of Commons this afternoon, the quality of the speech itself will certainly be above criticism. For Mr. McKenna's statements in Parliament are models of lucidity. Every sentence is clear cut, every word happily chosen, every syllable carefully pronounced.

Mr. McKenna.

Like his chief, Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna scorns verbiage, and if his phrasing is a little less distinguished than the Prime Minister's, this one point against the Chancellor is fully counter-balanced by greater clearness of enunciation. Mr. McKenna is the sixth Chancellor whom it has been my privilege to hear in the House of Commons. When I entered the Press Gallery eighteen years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

A tall, straight, shaggy-bearded man, Sir Michael would stand at the Table, a picture of austere distinction, and, with only an occasional glance at his notes, reel off his Budget statement in high-pitched voice and meticulously accurate English.

How well I remember the Hicks-Beach Budget statements!

They began with a review of the past financial year, developed into an examination of the prospects of the ensuing year, and after some acidulated comments on some of the curious tax proposals of amateur Budget-makers, which found their way into the Treasury letter-bags, were rounded off with the disclosure of his plans for the year.

It was left to the late Lord Ritchie of Dundee to introduce what may be called the style of the auctioneer into his Budget statement. A big, distinguished-looking man, black-haired, olive-skinned and bushy-browed, I can see him in my mind's eye to-day, poring somewhat painfully over his typewritten notes on the brass-decorated box on the table.

LIKE THE AUCTIONEER.

It was the latter part of his speech which tickled the crowded House. We were on the keen edge of expectation, for the income tax was coming down.

"Shall I say a penny?" said the Chancellor.

"Twopence?"

"Threepence?"

"Fourpence?"

He brought down his fist with a bang. It was so suggestive of the fall of the auctioneer's hammer that the House was as amused at the Chancellor's style as it was gratified by the Chancellor's announcement.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget speeches, as became a son of Joseph Chamberlain and a citizen of Birmingham, were clear, businesslike affairs, and the fact that they were delivered almost entirely without notes showed that the author had a masterly grip of finance, well-developed powers of exposition and sufficient self-assurance to meet demands for fine points of information which not infrequently cut into the heart of a Budget speech.

It was after Mr. Austen Chamberlain had been installed at the head of the Treasury that he began to show his fighting powers as a parliamentarian, and, paradoxical though it is, it was the man who is to-day Chancellor of the Exchequer and who sits in the same Cabinet with him who most frequently provoked Mr. Chamberlain's anger.

I need only say of Mr. Asquith's Budget speeches that they were Mr. Asquith at his best—each speech a miracle of succinctness, the apotheosis of businesslike efficiency.

How different were his experiences from those of Mr. Lloyd George in his never-to-be-forgotten Budget for 1909-10! On that occasion our Munitions Minister spoke for four hours and a half. Once he was brought to the point of collapse and it was only after an interval of half an hour that he was able to resume the recital of his heavy wads of manuscript.

Those then are the Chancellors I have heard. In many ways, as regards delivery and manner, Mr. McKenna is the most effective from the point of view of Press Gallery and Parliament.

KING GEORGE'S GIFT.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE SET TO THE WHOLE NATION.

THE King's gift does, indeed, set us all an example. It is to be hoped that all classes will imitate it.

I read that at the beginning of the French Revolution, when all men's minds were awakened to the need of sacrifice and unselfishness, hundreds rushed to the National Assembly at Versailles and poured their gifts into the treasury to be turned into gold for the nation's need. It is to be hoped that rich and poor to-day will act in the same spirit.

One still sees crowds about at expensive restaurants. There are still crowds in the cinemas.

Let all but our soldiers cut off amusements and give—give all they can to the common good.

We have a bigger crisis to go through than any man had at the time of the great change in France more than a hundred years ago.

F. M.

Buckingham-street, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

THE FINEST MONTH.

YOUR correspondent, "Weather," should know by now that March is generally one of the worst of the winter months. It is not until spring commences (which it did last week) that any warmer days can be expected. Last month and May are always two of the coldest in the year.

In 1909 snow fell most days in March till the 19th, and in May, 1911, it snowed merrily. I have often seen snow in front of my house in Wales on June 21. The month of June is not a summer one. It rarely gets warm till the 24th. The fiction that this day marks the middle of summer should, I had hoped, have been disposed of. Like the Scotch "Whitsun" (which has nothing to do with Whit-Sunday), Midsummer's Day is an old way of expressing the date when the quarter's rent falls due. It is not the middle of anything, summer having only just begun.

If "Weather" will watch the months carefully it will be found that as a rule the best summer month is September, which many ignorant people term "autumn." From the 6th to 24th last year not a drop of rain fell in September, and on the South Coast, at any rate, the heat was almost oppressive. I have been in Southampton on the last days of this month when it was almost too hot to walk. SEPTEMBER.

WARM SPRING.

IT is always when we are on the point of despairing that things look brighter.

Thus, just as "W. M." was explaining that March is the worst month in the year—comes spring, genuine warm spring at last! SPES.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 4.—Cabbage and Cos lettuce may now be sown outside. This favourite vegetable should, if possible, be given a light, rich soil. Let the seed be sown thinly in drills drawn 9in. to 12in. apart, and protect from the birds. The seedlings must be thinned out in good time if the best results are to be obtained. The thinnings can be used to form a new bed

Parsley, cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, peas, onions, carrots may all be sown this week. Vegetable marrows can be started in pots in a frame. Continue planting potatoes. E. F. T.

A WARNING FOR THE CHANCELLOR . . .

Our old friend, the new-tax-inventor, has suggested cat licences. Perhaps. But one great difficulty would be the location and ownership of the stray cat which nobody will recognise as it is. And suppose one had to pay for recognising it? Poor thing, its hard position would become even harder than it is. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

THE LORD MAYOR KEEPS HIS ROBES CLEAN

The Lord Mayor (Sir Charles Wakefield) and Sheriffs in a trench at the Active Service Exhibition at Knightsbridge yesterday. The party were provided with cloths in order not to soil their robes.

BACK YARD EGGS

Profits can be made from the backyard in war time. This small boy keeps six hens, and thus gets a cheap and regular supply of new laid eggs for his breakfast.

SON OF NEW PEER KILLED.

Captain the Hon. Alfred T. Shaughnessy, who has been killed in action. He was twenty-eight years of age, and was the second son of Lord Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was created a baron of the United Kingdom at the begining of this year.

AN INCIDENT WHICH THE GERMANS DID NOT REPORT.

Zeppelins meet with disaster at home as well as when engaged on baby-killing expeditions over England. This one is seen tied in a knot at the front door of its shed.

WAR-SCARRED HEROES RECRUIT.

Canadian soldiers who have been invalided out of the Army march in a great recruiting procession at Hamilton. They have all been to the front.

SOLDIERS HELP THE RED CROSS.

Wounded soldiers at Southend making rugs, mats and table centres for a Red Cross sale, at which a stall will be devoted to their work.

BROT

Charles

R. B. H

Herber

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Horace

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WASH WITH SNOW

Being fit and hard as nails, this Belgian soldier makes his morning toilet with snow and suffers no discomfort. There are no geysers to supply hot water at the front.

MEN MUST FIGHT WHILE WOMEN MUST WORK

Men who have left civil life to fight for the Empire pass two of the girls who are filling soldiers' posts until the war is over. The photograph was taken at Cambridge, where the girls work as window cleaners.

U.S. HAS IT IN STORE FOR THE REBELLIOUS MEXICANS.

A giant American seaplane, which may take part in the expedition against the Mexicans. It can carry twenty passengers, and the inventor claims for it a speed of 150 miles an hour.

IN THE KING'S SERVICE.

The King has set a royal example to employers of gardeners of military age by substituting four young women, who are thoroughly trained, at Windsor Park. They have been working in the glasshouses since January last and have given every satisfaction. Here two of them are seen at their duties.

NOT CROSSING THE "POND" NOW.

Owing to the war American tourists are going to Canada instead of Switzerland for the winter sports. This party has just had a spill.

RAILWAYMAN WINS D.C.M.

Sergeant Harry Underwood (the taller figure), awarded the D.C.M. for carrying orders under fire. He is an employee of the North-Eastern Railway.

The greatest and most important

Sale of Silks

ever held—commences To-Day at

Peter Robinson's · Oxford St

Also Special Sales of Embroideries, Lace Curtains & Umbrellas

SILKS at the astoundingly low prices we offer them THIS WEEK are no longer a luxury or an extravagance—they are an investment. Ladies who take advantage of this Sale will practise the truest economy, for they can purchase the finest and most beautiful Silks at prices lower than those usually given for the cheapest grades.

75,000 yds. of Rich Paris Silks (over £22,000 worth) will be offered at 25 % to 60 % under the regular prices

The following are examples only of the many Hundreds of Bargains:—

LOT 1.
14,000 yards pure dye Plain Shot Taffeta Tinsel Brocade, Paisley design, on corded silk ground, 20 to 21in. wide; also double width Shot Ninons and Crepe Tina. Usually 2/11 to 4/6 yard. Sale Price **1/9**

LOT 2.
1,900 yards Shot Cameleon Ninon, Fancy Shantung and Printed Ninon, in two designs; also Grenadine Satin, in light shades only. Usually 3/11 to 5/11 yard. Sale Price **2/8**

LOT 3.
1,200 yards Fancy Foulard All-Silk, in various designs; also Twill Jap in Navy ground with white spot, Black ground with white spot, and Ivory ground with Black spot. Spots in various sizes, fast colours. Usually 4/11 and 5/11 yard. Sale Price **3/4**

BLACK SILKS.
860 yards Bonnet's Silk Merv Bengaline and Soft Satins, 20in. wide. Usually 2/6 and 2/11 yard. Sale Prices **1/6 & 2/-**

LOT 4.
2,600 yards All-Silk Chiffon Taffeta—now so fashionable—Plain and Shot effects; also new French Foulard in three designs and various sized spots on Navy and Black ground. Usually 4/11 and 5/6 yard. Sale Price **3/11½**

LOT 5.
7,300 yards Various Rich Silks, including Roman stripes in several widths on Chiffon Taffeta, Crepe Fripon, Satin Iroquoise, Crepe de Chine, Satin-finished Striped Poplins, Broche Crepe de Chine, Heavy Crepes, Soft Satin Brocade and Moire Velour. All double width. Usually 6/11 to 12/11 yard. Sale Price **4/10**

LOT 6
9,400 yards New Taffeta Moire, Broche Crepe Crepons, Moire Parsifal, in exceptionally rich qualities; also Crepe Ninons and Bordered Ninons, in handsome designs. Usually 9/11 to 16/11 yd. Sale Price **5/10**

400 Odd Lengths of Rich Plain and Fancy Silks will be marked at less than Half Price.

We could not, ourselves, buy these Silks to-day at the prices we now offer them to the public.

Sale of Swiss Embroideries

A SWISS Manufacturer's Stock of Embroideries, comprising 1,359 yds. in various widths ranging from 6 to 12ins.; also a quantity of Flouncings from 18 to 44ins. wide. All beautiful designs of the finest execution, in lengths of from 4½ to 9 yds.; no two pieces alike. An exceptional opportunity to secure (at one-third off usual prices) goods which, owing to the increased cost of raw materials, cannot again be repeated at the original prices.

EDGINGS, ...	8 ins. wide.	Usually	1/11½ yard.	Special Price	**1/4** yard.
...	11 "	"	4/6 "	"	**3/-** "
FLOUNCINGS,	18 "	"	6/11 "	"	**4/8** "
"	24 "	"	10/6 "	"	**7/-** "
"	27 "	"	11/6 "	"	**7/8** "
"	27 "	"	14/9 "	"	**9/10** "
"	44 "	"	18/6 "	"	**12/4** "

Spring Sale of Lace Curtains

2,000 pairs of Nottingham, Scotch and Swiss Lace Curtains offered at 25 % to 30 % under to-day's prices.

1,250 Pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains in White or Ivory, 3 yds. long. Special Sale Prices (a pair) **3/- 4/- 4/8 5/- 6/- 7/-** 3½ yds. long **5/- 6/- 7/- 9/- 10/- 11/-**

68 Pairs of Scotch Lace Curtains in White or Ivory, 52 inches wide, 3½ yards long. Regular Price 6/11 pair. Special Sale Price **5/-**

75 Pairs of Scotch Lace Curtains in White or Ivory, 60 inches wide, 3½ yards long. Regular Price 8/11 pair. Special Sale Price **7/-**

77 Pairs of Swiss Embroidered Curtains in Ivory only, 63 inches wide, 3½ yds. long. Regular Prices 25/6 28/6 30/- 32/6 pair Special Sales Prices **20/- 22/- 24/- 25/-**

50 Pairs of Scotch Lace Curtains in Ivory only. 60 inches wide, 3½ yards long Regular Price 9/11 pair. Special Sale Price **7/6**

42 Pairs of Scotch Lace Curtains in White or Ivory, 60 inches wide, 3½ yards long. Regular Price 11/9 pair. Special Sale Price **9/-**

PETER ROBINSON Ltd.
OXFORD STREET

B.B. EVANS & Co

142-162, HIGH ROAD, KILBURN, N.W.

Your money returned if goods are not approved.

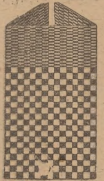
ORDERS BY POST PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Our prices make West End Shopping an Extravagance.

CALL IF YOU CAN. IF NOT SHOP BY POST.

D 13.—250 pairs plain and Twill **Cotton Sheets**, perfect clean goods and nicely hemmed.
For Single Beds, 2 x 3 yds. **5/11**. Worth 6/11
For Double " 2¼ x 3 yds. **6/11**. Worth 9/6
For " " 2½ x 3 yds. **8/11**. Worth 11/9
78 pairs extra heavy Double Warp **Wigan Sheets**. Size 2¼ x 3 yds. **8/11**. Worth 11/9
2½ x 3 yds. **10/6**. Worth 13/9

D 14.—Hemstitched and Scalloped **Pillow Cases** Size 20x30, **1/-** and **1/6** each.



D 10.—The favourite **Dice Cloth**. We are fortunately still able to offer these at real old prices, suitable for **breakfast** or **supper** use, and splendid washing and wearing. In the following sizes and prices:—

48 x 48 ..	**1/6**
48 x 60 ..	**1/8**
56 x 56 ..	**1/11**
60 x 60 ..	**2/3**
63 x 63 ..	**2/6**

Also by the yard, 56in. wide, at **1/1½** per yard.

ALL HOUSEHOLD LINENS ARE SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

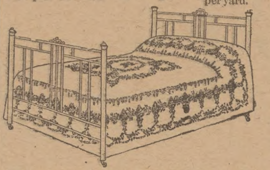
D 12.—Pure Irish Linen Double **Damask Cloths.**

Size.	Sale Price.	Worth
2 x 2 yds.	**5/11**	7/11
2 x 2½ yds.	**7/11**	10/6
2 x 3 yds.	**9/11**	12/11

O 30.—Special Offer of a useful Delainette **Frock** in Navy and Black ground with White spot, Skirt and Bodice trimmed mercerised cord bands and Skirt cut full, and in lengths 34 to 40 in. Special Price **5/11½** Part post 4d. extra.

H 53.—Special value, **Combinations** for Spring wear, very fine soft texture, nicely finished, V neck, trimmed mercerised lace. Each **2/2** Part postage 2d. extra.

F 40.—Complete trimming for a Hat. Very Special Value in **Feather Ruches.** Very nice and full, in the following colours:—Black, Navy, White, Nigger, Saxe, Pale Pink, Champagne, Black and White mixed. Price (each) **2/-** Postage 2d., or two for 4/-, post free.

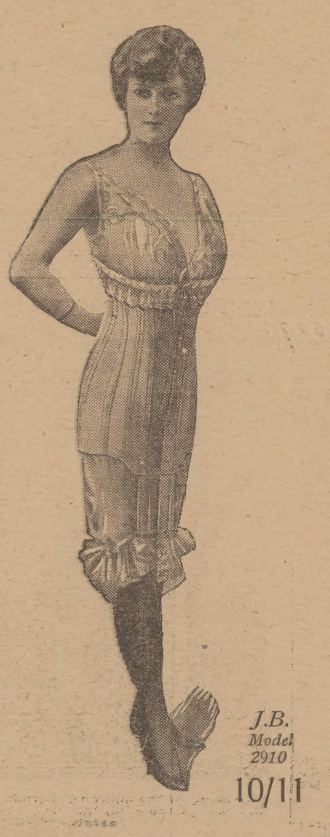


D 11.—A manufacturer's stock of Art printed **Bedspreads**, splendid value, in Colours: Red, Helio, Gold, Blue, Pink, with Green effects on White ground. Single bed size about 70 x 90, **2/11½** Worth 4/6
Double bed size, about 90 x 100, **4/11**; worth 5/11.

Our Stores are OPEN all day Saturday, and CLOSED at 1 o'clock on Thursday.

D 19.—300 pairs Hemstitched Longcloth **Sheets**, both sheets worked, the best value we have ever offered.
Size 2 x 3, **6/11** per pair, worth 8/11
" 2¼ x 3, **8/11** " " 10/11
" 2½ x 3, **10/6**
68 pairs Irish Hand-drawn Hemstitched **Cotton Sheets.**
Size 2 x 3, **8/11** per pair, worth 10/6
" 2¼ x 3, **10/9** " " 12/11
" 2½ x 3, **12/6** " " 14/11

B. B. EVANS & CO., 142-162, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.



J.B. Model 2910 **10/11**

J.B.

Side Spring Corset

Distinctive Wear.

Yielding satisfaction always, promoting health and comfort—at prices which are an additional feature of originality.

Leading Drapers Everywhere.

Write now for style book, "Comfort and Elegance," post free on request, James S. Blair and Son, 15, Fore Street, London; Great Ancoats, Manchester; 49, Queen Street, Glasgow.

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial. By MARK ALLERTON

Rosalie.

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

* * * * *

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

* * * * *

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Hugh Grieve gets into further trouble with Lucien.

Rosalie's friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. She goes to Wynne's studio again, and he asks if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says "Yes." Rosalie, after waiting at the station, learns that Wynne is ill. She returns home, and finds that the letter telling her husband she was going away has gone. She is too late.

THE HANGING SWORD.

WITH feverish anxiety Rosalie searched the room for a trace of the letter, of its envelope even. None was to be found. With arms rigid by her side and with clenched hands Rosalie stood at the window, seeing nothing, trying to think what was to be done.

Hugh had come back in her absence; Hugh had found the letter, had read, and had gone out again—perhaps in the hope of finding her and bringing her back, perhaps in exultation because he had got rid of her so easily. She had to face the fact that now she had no insight into the working of Hugh's mind, no hint of the course he was most likely to pursue.

What if he did not come back? What if she were left now to the arranging of her own plans? She had none. She could have none, lacking money, lacking friends. She could not go away now. But how could she remain? And, as she strove to think what was to be done, she saw Hugh approaching the house. His appearance filled her with mingled terror and hope.

He was walking slowly. His shoulders were hunched; his chin on his chest. For a moment he fumbled at the latch of the vicarage gate. Then he opened it and entered.

His bearing and gait told Rosalie that the blow she had aimed at him had gone home. He looked like a man crushed beneath the burden of his trouble. And, as she watched him, the old love that had never died sent a great pity into her heart.

In all that she had done she had considered only herself, thought only of her own happiness, had regard only to her own peace of mind. She had left Hugh out of it all. If he had been unjust, inconsiderate, petulant, so had she, she told herself.

She longed to rush to the door to greet him, to cry: "Here I am. It was all a mistake—a hideous mistake. I shall never, never leave you. Only show me the way to bring back happiness to you."

But fear—fear of his anger, his reproaches, his sneers—held her rooted to the spot where she stood.

She heard Hugh let himself in. She heard him address a maid-servant.

"Has anybody called?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Whose valise is this, then?" he asked, and Rosalie's heart stopped beating. She had been careless enough to leave the evidence of her guilt lying before Hugh's eyes.

"I don't know, sir."

"Is your mistress in?"

"I think she is in your study, sir."

Rosalie's heart beat again, rapidly. If Hugh had got her letter, why had he inquired if she was in? But, of course, he must have got her letter.

At the sound of his approaching footsteps Rosalie became almost sick with apprehension. If he assailed her with withering words she believed that she would break down. Physical weariness, the lack of food—she had eaten nothing since breakfast and only a scrap of toast then—left her nothing with which to combat her agony of mind.

He came into the room, and she turned to meet him, white-faced, tense, braced for the ordeal. But, instead of with a fierce outburst, she was greeted by a quiet smile.

"Well, Rosalie? Got back? I've just been round to the telegraph office."

He sank limply into a chair. And now Rosalie appreciated how worn he looked.

"Are you very tired, dear?" she heard herself asking.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "Dead-beat. I've had a long day in town."

"I am sorry you are so tired," said Rosalie, and then she waited again for the inevitable scene. But Hugh only drew his chair nearer to the fire.

"I was with Bannerman," he went on. "You've met Bannerman, I think. The solicitor, you know."

Rosalie said "Yes" faintly, and looked away. There could be only one object in his visiting Bannerman, the solicitor. He was trying to find a way out by the aid of the law. His avoidance of the subject of her letter was subtle torture.

"We couldn't finish our business," Hugh was saying. "So I asked him to dine with us to-night. You don't mind, do you, Rosalie?"

"No—not at all." The reply was again a whisper.

"Bannerman's so seldom in town now. Neglects his practice, I'm afraid," said Hugh listlessly. "He lives in the country now. His horses and his garden occupy most of his attention."

And then Hugh looked at Rosalie for a second, and as quickly averted his glance.

"How would you like to live in the country, Rosalie?" he asked, suddenly.

Her whole body stiffened. Why did he not come to the point? Why did he torture her like this?

"What do you mean, Hugh?" she asked, in a strained voice.

Her demand seemed to agitate him.

"Nothing, nothing," he replied, hurriedly. "You used to live in the country, you know. I thought—well, you don't like Northbury Park, do you?"

She did not reply. She did not know what to say. His questions baffled her. She was convinced they had a hidden meaning. She could not fathom what it was.

He began speaking again, almost as though he were speaking to himself.

"All these years I've backed up Northbury Park. I wouldn't hear a word against it. You can bear me out in that, Rosalie? But Northbury Park looks like beating me."

"Hugh! Hugh! Tell me what you mean."

"I doubt if I can. I think I'm too tired." He leant over the fire, warming his hands at the blaze and then rubbing his knees, like a man chilled to the bone.

"Hugh—are you ill?"

He did not seem to hear her.

"I'm talking rot," he muttered. "I'm going to have a hot bath, Rosalie—a hot bath and an hour's rest. Tell them to warm a bottle of burgundy for dinner. Bannerman likes burgundy. And if there's any port—you'll see to it, Rosalie, won't you?"

He went from the room, unsteadily, like a man who had been drinking.

Rosalie followed him with eyes in which fear and wonderment and pity alternated. What was the matter with Hugh? Was he playing with her as a cat plays with its victim? Was the crisis to come when he had called up his reinforcements in the person of Mr. Bannerman?

And then she remembered what Mrs. McBain had said about her husband being in sore straits. What could the woman have meant?

IN THE BALANCE.

FEELING as though she were superintending the erection of her own scaffold, Rosalie gave fresh orders for dinner.

She remembered with a sinking of the heart how in the morning she had ordered that night's dinner, believing that by nightfall she would have left the Vicarage and been on her way to Paris. Then she dressed herself and awaited the arrival of Mr. Bannerman as of that of an executioner.

She had met Mr. Bannerman only once previously, and that casually. His jovial entry took her by surprise. He wanted to look over certain of Hugh's papers that night—the next day would be too late, for the next day he was setting about the purchase of another mare. That might take up many days. . . .

Mr. Bannerman disliked business after hours—especially such disagreeable business as this. On his way to Northbury Park he wished that Hugh Grieve had told his wife all about it. Then he decided that perhaps it was as well he hadn't. Family troubles are no sort of a digestive for dinner. He hoped that Grieve never forgot to have the chill taken off the burgundy. . . .

Rosalie's manner was constrained and awkward when she received him. She felt that at any moment he might say:

"Now, about that letter of yours. What's going to be done? Let's get to business."

But Mr. Bannerman talked of anything but business. He told her about his wife, about his children, how the eldest was at Osborne, how the youngest could already say "Da-da" with perfect enunciation and complete understanding, how his favourite hack had split heels, how his antirrhinum seedlings were coming on. . . .

"Really, Mrs. Grieve," he said, when he had sipped his Volnay and found it good, "you don't know what life is till you've lived in the country. I wish you'd try it."

And Rosalie could only bend over her plate. First her husband's reference to living in the country. And now Mr. Bannerman's. What did it mean? Were they planning her exile? In every comment she found a suggestive meaning.

"Honestly, though, I mean it. I used to live in town—Lancaster Gate. Believe me, I run my fifty acres in Bucks cheaper than I did Lancaster Gate. Barring the livestock, of course. And you remember what my brother Tom told you to-day, Grieve——"

He was talking to her husband now—telling him about the money in horses——

So Hugh had met Tom Bannerman also that day. She knew Tom Bannerman by repute—one of the cleverest men at the Bar. She felt the net closing in around her. Why didn't Hugh tell her what was in store for her and be done with it? The food that she forced herself to eat threatened to choke her.

"You get more out of life in the country, too," Bannerman went on. "Take our man, for example. I don't suppose the living is worth much, but look what a good time he has. Plenty of shooting, a little hunting and docile parishioners."

Hugh bent his eyes to his plate. He knew what was in Bannerman's mind. All this extolling of the country was by way of preparing her for what might be necessary—an enforced resignation from St. Luke's.

After dinner Rosalie left her husband and Bannerman and went to the drawing-room. She waited there as one awaiting the result of the deliberation of her judges. She had no doubt that now her husband was discussing with Bannerman her future. The letter she had left for Hugh would be handed across the table, documentary evidence of her intention to go away. And Mr. Bannerman would briskly explain the course of action which the law permitted Hugh to take.

An impulse seized her to go back to the dining-room, to interrupt the deliberations, to explain her intentions, to protest her innocence, to demand to be believed. And then she seemed to hear Hugh picking her explanation to pieces, so that it became stark and threadbare. She had said that she was going to the Bettisons in Paris, and here were the Bettisons in London. She would have to explain how she had hoped to get to Paris without money. The part that was to have been played by Wynne would have to be confessed, and then nothing in the world would keep Hugh from believing the worst.

The dining-room door opened.

"Let's get the beastly business over at once," she heard Bannerman say, "and then we can go to Mrs. Grieve."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

The tower of the Church of Cormicy is one of the latest to receive attention from the Hun gunners, so the bells have been lowered and placed in a position of safety.—(French War Office photograph.)

Special Display of Tea & Rest Gowns Satin & Flannel Wraps for one week only at Derry & Toms Kensington. London W.

Owing to the scarcity and the consequent rise in price of this material, and the shortage of dyes, this Special One Week's Offer is of exceptional interest

We have just received a consignment of good quality **Japanese Crepe Dressing Gowns.** Full size.
Price 3/11
Postage 3d.

BL 7.—Useful **Boudoir Wrap** in good quality Rajah Satin, an exceptionally good washing material Raglan shape, full stock size, in all shades.
Price 25/9 Post free
Also in French Twill Flannel and Fancy Delaines. 23/9 Post free.

BL 5.—Becoming **Rest Gown** in Rajah Satin, front fichu of Cream, net edged frillings. Colours: Black, Rose, Purple, Saxe, etc.
Price 49/6
To special measurements, 5/6 extra. Post free.

As we have been so often asked for gowns that will pack into a small space for travelling, we have produced these special items to satisfy these requirements.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Prince's Photograph.

When Prince Alexander visited the front near Verdun he received a large bunch of wild flowers from the children of a village near the firing line. To the little girl who made the presentation he said, "And now, in return, I will give you my photograph and sign my name to it." The little girl nodded, all smiles and dimples; but when he drew out a photograph—his very latest—she suddenly burst into tears.

The Pretty Picture.

"Whatever is the matter?" he asked. "I wanted you to sign my picture. It is much prettier," sobbed the child. And she drew from her pocket a crumpled picture postcard showing the Prince with pink cheeks, sky blue eyes and raven hair. "Yes," agreed the Prince, "that is much prettier"; and signed it forthwith. And the little maid departed, all smiles again.

Dramatic Meeting.

When the Serbian Crown Prince and Dr. Elsie Inglis met yesterday in Lady Cowdray's drawing-room it was, I believe, the first time they had seen each other, though both were for so long engaged in heroic work simultaneously in that gallant little country. The Prince's duty lay with the men who were fit; the lady doctor's with those who were wounded.

To-night's the Night.

Almost everybody who pays taxes would probably like to be in the House of Commons this evening when Mr. McKenna unfolds his Budget scheme, but since the public galleries accommodate fewer people than could be seated in a public hall of quite modest dimensions only a tithe of the applicants for tickets are likely to get into the Chamber. As a rule, the "strangers" on Budget nights are mainly City men who are very vitally interested in the Chancellor's proposals.

The Chancellor's Chief Critic.

It will be interesting to see who will follow the Chancellor in the Budget debate this evening. For many years Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as Unionist ex-Chancellor, spoke immediately after the Budget statement, but he, like other former Chancellors remaining in the Commons—Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George—is now, of course, a member of the Ministry.

A Quick Passage.

Sir Edward Carson, again, who led the Opposition last week, has never shown any particular ambition to shine in Budget debates. Two of the ablest critics on the back benches on the Opposition side are Sir George Younger and Mr. George Faber. With most of the financial talent of the House on the Government side, the Chancellor's task this session should not be troublesome, in spite of heavier taxes.

A Leader.

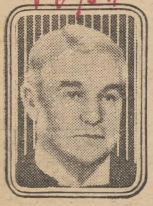
Sir Edward Carson may be seen as the leader of a much more tangibly defined Opposition than now exists. He is one of the men to keep your eye on just now.

Another Air Debate.

Next week, I hear, is likely to provide another air debate. Mr. Tennant will be much happier with Friday night's Zeppelin to talk about.

Wants More.

The Earl of Camperdown, who is not satisfied with the million pounds grant proposed for the Naval and Military Pensions Committee, was a Lord of the Admiralty during 1870-4. Although over forty years separate him from official connection with the Navy, it is evident he has not lost interest in the Senior Service, to which he was attached.



The Earl of Camperdown.

The Nelson Touch.

The present Earl of Camperdown is descended from Admiral Duncan, who fought the battle of October, 1797, off Camperdown during the Nelson era. The Earl has written a life of his famous ancestor. The name of Camperdown is remembered also because of the tragic manner in which proof was given of the power of the ram during naval manœuvres in the Mediterranean many years ago.

Pleased.

I went to a very charming dinner-party at the Savoy on Sunday night. Whilst we were dining the news of Lieutenant Brandon's exploit came out. Nobody present was more pleased than Mr. Laurence Hall, the principal of the Hall Flying School, where Lieutenant Brandon learned to fly.

Delighted.

Another person who was delighted with the news was Mr. Warwick Brookes. Mr. Brookes has never disguised his opinion that our Air Service is far more efficient than its critics would have us believe.

How Brandon Came.

Mr. Laurence Hall told me some interesting details yesterday about Lieutenant Brandon. He wrote to Mr. Hall from New Zealand and said he was coming to England to learn to fly.

Slow But Sure.

Then he arrived, and Mr. Hall found him a most taciturn person. He had nothing to say for himself or about anybody else, and he learnt to fly—very, very slowly.

The Tourists.

It is an open secret now that a recent meeting addressed by Mr. Pemberton Billing and Mr. Horatio Bottomley was as stormy as it was successful. I hope their forthcoming tour together will be more peaceful.

A Forecast.

Miss Peggy Primrose tells me that she has got a charming part in "Half-Past Eight." She thinks the whole show will be a big success.

Some Dresses.

Another of the leading ladies in that forthcoming revue, Miss Birdie Courtenay, is very enthusiastic about a dance. I understand that the costumes in this feature will be peculiarly striking.

For the Film.

This is a new portrait of Mrs. Stanley Wrench, the well-known author, whose novel "Burnt Wings" was recently filmed with great success. She is at present devoting her time

Mrs. Stanley Wrench.

to writing for the film. She has several new film plays in hand, and one of her recent books, "The Court of the Gentiles," is to be adapted for film purposes.

In Revue.

That charming and clever artist, Miss Madge Temple, tells me that she is shortly returning to the stage. Good. She will appear in revue.

Lots of Tunes.

Miss Temple's husband, that most popular of composers, Mr. Herman Darewski, has a record number of revues running in London this week. And he is simply overburdened with commissions.

Among the Gourmands.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we go to Harrogate."

His First Play.

The new play by "Q," which Mr. Frederick Harrison has in rehearsal at the Haymarket, is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's first play. If it's only as good as his novels it will be all right.

Bed Work.

Mr. Mark Allerton, whose serial stories are so popular with *Daily Mirror* readers, called in to see me yesterday. He had had a week in bed with influenza, but had been sitting up and writing thrilling romances all the time.

On His Own.

Mrs. Arthur Playfair tells me that her husband purposes to take a theatre of his own in the future. A Playfair Playhouse should be popular. Mrs. Playfair's beauty is attracting the attention of all the photographers. She is simply pestered with requests for sittings.

Sarah Bernhardt's Halo.

Wherever she goes Mme. Sarah Bernhardt seems to leave a halo of interest behind her. Miss Annie Saker, who has been playing at Sheffield tells me that she was staying in the rooms that Mme. Bernhardt occupied at Sheffield. Miss Saker says that although Mme. Bernhardt spent so short a time there she seems to have added a halo of interest to the rooms, and they are now pointed out as one of the chief places of interest in the city.

Miss Annie Saker.

A Princess.

By a curious coincidence the seven consecutive parts played by Miss Saker before she appeared in "The Silver Crucifix" were all princesses. Her friends call her the royal actress.

The Crinoline Craze.

I find the people who have seen "Kitty Mackay" at the Queen's are tremendously enthusiastic over Miss Molly McIntyre's costumes. One of them, a shot silk crinoline, is a dream of beauty.

The Result of Being Snowed Up.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley told me yesterday how he wrote "The Mystery of 666." I hope he gets snowed up again if such articles are the result.

Busy.

I met Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran yesterday. Mrs. Cochran is very busy in connection with her charity matinée at the Ambassadors.

All the Girls.

But I thought Mr. Cochran looked rather worried. You see, he has fourteen principal girls in his new show at the Comedy. It takes a lot of thinking about.

Queen Ena's Bracelet.

Someone who knows all about the Court of Spain tells me that Queen Ena has a pretty custom of wearing a pendant suspended from her bracelet. It contains a miniature of her most recently born babe.

A Gallant Canadian.

The death in action of Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, second son of Lord Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific, plunged the London Canadian colony into mourning yesterday. I knew Captain Shaughnessy and admired him. He was a handsome youth and modest. As a Canadian officer said to me, "Canada hasn't produced a better young soldier than Shaughnessy."

"Some" Driver.

Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., whose engagement is announced, is a very popular figure among M.P. golfers, although he has to be handicapped almost out of sight when he plays any of them. He has an almost uncanny drive, and down in Dorset I have often seen his drives carry what it would take most men a drive and an iron shot to negotiate. For some time he's been strafeing Huns.

Derby Day, 1916.

To-day is the fifty-first birthday of a man whose name has literally become a household word in Great Britain. For Lord Derby's name is certainly mentioned in English homes more frequently than that of any public man at present. And his birthday is the only Derby Day we shall have in the year 1916.

Mr. Asquith's Mot.

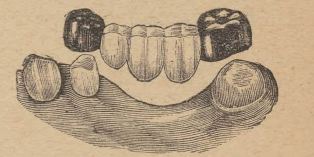
A saying of Mr. Asquith is going the rounds in Paris at the moment. As he was leaving the Quai d'Orsay with Sir Edward Grey two young Frenchwomen who were struggling for a sight of the visitors came to something like blows. One was very white with fury, the other scarlet with passion. "The War of the Roses," remarked the Prime Minister.

A Serbian Admirer.

Dr. Jessie Scott, who belonged to the Scottish Women's Hospital in Serbia, has just arrived in London. She is full of admiration for the Serbians—a brave and good people she calls them. THE RAMBLER.

ECONOMICAL DENTISTRY GOODMAN'S SYSTEM.

GOODMAN'S SYSTEM provides finest dental work, done by EXPERTS, at one-third usual fees, and guaranteed by a firm ESTABLISHED OVER THIRTY YEARS. Sets on Vulcanite from 21s. 5 years' warranty.



The above illustration shows how teeth are restored without any artificial palate by Goodman's System of Golden Bridge Work.

Note what the Press says:—

"Goodman's have one of the largest dental practices in the world. They have supplied artificial teeth to some 36,000 patients in London alone, at fees so moderate in comparison with those charged in the West End as to suggest that every West End dentist ought to be a millionaire. Why is he not? Simply because his turnover is not sufficient. And why is the turnover at Goodman's greater? *Because Goodman advertises.* At Ludgate Hill there are a dozen dental chairs always full. Hence the most highly skilled operators and best materials can be employed, while a reasonable profit only is charged on each transaction."—Summarised from an article in *Truth*.

"Artificial teeth, formerly the luxury of the rich, are now within reach of the poorest. The prime mover in this dental revolution is Goodman, of Ludgate Hill." —*Evening News.*

"Their prices are certainly extremely reasonable. As to their skill, they quote convincing testimonials." —*John Bull.*

Mr. Bransby Williams, the eminent actor, writes: "Pleased to testify to what has proved wonderful work, and fabulously cheap."

Illustrated pamphlet, "Economical Dentistry," post free on application to Secretary. Consultations Free.

GOODMAN'S, Ltd., 2, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Hours, 10 to 7.0. Saturday, 10 to 4.

Also at 17, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool; 10, Castle Square, Brighton; 10a, George Street, Edinburgh; 248, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. Also attendance from 11 to 5, Mondays, at 114, Peascod Street, Windsor: Thursdays, 25, High Street, Aldershot: Fridays, 6, Thames Street, Kingston.

(Caution.—We have only one address in London.)

THIS LADY'S ADVICE

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Keep a bottle of "KOKO" handy, use it night and morning; you will be really astonished at the improvement shown after fourteen days' regular treatment.

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Cleanses and Refreshes the Scalp.

Feeds the Hair Follicles.

Strengthens Thin and Weak Hair, and produces Thick, Luxuriant, Brilliant Tresses.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, CONTAINS NO DYE, OIL OR GREASE. DELIGHTFULLY COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING TO THE SCALP.

PRICE **1/-, 2/6 & 4/6** PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores or sent direct, post free on receipt of price.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!

4/6 FULL-SIZE bottle of "KOKO" for **1/9**

(Postage 5d. extra).

Anyone forwarding this Coupon and P O for 1s 9d and five stamps to pay postage, packing, etc, will receive immediately for trial by Parcel Post under cover, prepaid, one Regular 12-oz bottle of "KOKO" for the Hair, the price of which is 4s 6d, provided it is ord red within Ten Days from the date of this offer. In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial.

Address all orders with Coupon to—

KOKO-MARICOPAS CO. LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, E.C.

West End Depot (for callers only)—22-24, Great Portland St, W.

WHEN HUSBANDS JOIN

A Typical Day's Work in the Life of the New Recruit.

GOOD MEALS IN DINING HUTS.

By the end of the week the first of the husbands attested under the Derby scheme will be in khaki.

From April 7 the early married groups are due to report, and yesterday *The Daily Mirror* obtained from a newly-joined Derbyite some idea of the sort of life the new recruit may expect in the new life he is about to live.

This is the typical day of the newly-joined man in the London Irish Rifles, "Somewhere in England," and it may be taken as typical of other infantry units.

It is a strenuous regime, but very healthy, and it is surprising how much "vim" and "spring" come to a man after two months of it.

Reveille, 6 a.m.—Tea served.
6.30.—Parade for running exercise.
7.0.—Breakfast—tea, bread, butter, jam or marmalade, potted meat or bacon.
8.0.—Company parade and inspection. Men must be clean and shaven.
8.30.—Battalion parade, after which the whole battalion moves off to the appointed training area for the day, haversacks loaded with bread, cheese and cake, etc. Every man is given an hour's physical drill, then he is taken over by his company officers for musketry, trench work, etc.
About 12.30.—Lunch and a smoke.
4 p.m. the men are marched back to camp, and at 4.30 dinner is served. This consists of bread, meat, with two vegetables, sometimes Yorkshire pudding, followed by a sweet, such as jam-roll or plum-duff.
Supper (bread, cheese and onions) is served later in the evening and the men are free until—
10 p.m.—Lights out.

The huts in which the men sleep are substantial, with a big stove in the middle and plenty of electric light. About thirty men sleep in a hut, with ample space and bedding for each man.

This battalion still has vacancies for the right sort of men. Men who want to join should communicate with Headquarters, Duke of York's School, Chelsea.

£2,819,660 FOR PRIZE SHIPS.

In a White-paper issued last night it is stated that the total receipts of the Prize Court have amounted to £2,819,660, made up thus:—

Vessels condemned	£16,239
Freight condemned	35,441
Cargo condemned	485,677
Vessels detained	14,128
Sundry receipts	3,743
Sale of cargoes	2,112,267

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNFIELD HANDICAP.—100 to 14 Cheerful (t, o), 100 to 14 Clap Gate (o, after 8 to 1 taken), 100 to 8 Mount William (t, o), 100 to 7 My Ronald and King Priam (t, o), 100 to 6 Lord Annandale (t, o), 20 to 1 Sandmole (t).

Last night's billiards scores in the match of 18,000 at the National Sporting Club were:—Inman 9,397, Reece 9,330.

Sergeant Tom Gummer knocked out Sergeant Fred Donovan in the fifth round at the Ring yesterday afternoon. At Hoxton Baths Tom Noble drew with Llew Williams in a ten-rounds contest.

The twenty-rounds contest between Billy Wells (Bermondsey) and Rifleman Duke Lynch, at the Ring, last night ended in the thirteenth round by Lynch's seconds throwing the towel into the ring.

WONDERFUL BONNET.

Green Pigtail on Gaudy Headgear of Elderly Salonika Belle.

(From G. Ward Price.)

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, SALONIKA.—Salonika being both Jewish and Christian, has two days of rest a week, and the band plays on both. On Saturdays the British Army supplies the band, or sometimes two, for a Scottish regiment often sends its pipers as well. They play by the White Tower, and the occasion forms the climax of the Salonika week.

I took a note, as the fashion writers say, of the dress of one of the old ladies of Israel the last time the band played.

It would be the death of M. Poiret if he saw it, but its venerable wearer had no doubts at all, as she sat in the sun with the crowd about her, that her costume was still as great a success as when the mode was first launched at Seville by some remote great-grandmother of hers in the year A.D. 1450.

The bonnet is the culmination and the glory of this costume.

It ties under the chin with broad strings of yellow ribbon; the band that forms the lower edge of the bonnet proper is made of velvet of a pale lavender hue; next above that is a yellow band of velvet, while the crown is of brilliant crimson.

But the peculiar splendour of this bonnet is in the 19-inch pigtail of padded green silk which falls down behind in a flat band four inches across.

This has a fringe at the end of it, and just above that is a sort of panel of gold embroidery, thickly strewn with seed-pearls worked into an elaborate and regulation pattern.

[*Copyright.*]

NEWS ITEMS.

Mesopotamia Inquiry.

Sir W. Vincent and Major-General Bingley have left for Basra to inquire into the medical equipment difficulties in Mesopotamia.

Soldier's Tragic Discovery.

On going to the coalhouse yesterday a Worthing soldier home on leave found his mother, Mrs. Poland, burned to death. Underneath the body was a box of matches.

Royal Gifts for Belgium.

Generous support has been given to the new appeal of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium, the King heading the list with £500, the Queen giving £250 and Queen Alexandra £100.

Red Cross Men Wanted.

The British Red Cross Voluntary Aid Detachment (London 27th) require men, under or over military age. Acting Commandant W. F. G. Underwood, of 5, Spring-street, Paddington, W., will answer all inquiries.

ANOTHER GERMAN LIE.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announced yesterday:—

In the German Wireless Press of to-day the *Koelnische Zeitung* is quoted as having been informed from a "reliable source" that an English ship of the County class, apparently the Donegal, had struck a mine and sunk in mid-February of this year.

There is no truth whatever in this statement.

Silver Tag and The Vizier have been struck out of Friday's Lincolnfield Handicap.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (175th perfce.) New Musical Play, TINA. To-night, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY. Tel., 2645 Ger. (Don't you know "EVE"?)

AMBASSADORS. 3rd Edition of "MORE," by H. Grattan. Evgs., 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

APOLLO. To-night and Every Evening, at 8.15. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. Matinees, Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mons., Fri. and Sats., 2.45. 'Phone, Ger. 3724.

GAIETY. Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Sats., 2.0. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT.

COURT. At 2.30. KULTUR AT HOME. TO-DAY and EVERY DAY, at 2.30. EVENINGS: Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.20. Box-office, Tel. 848 Gerrard. COURT.

CRITERION. A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. Evenings, at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. "The funniest farce for years."—"Dy. Telegraph."

DALY'S.—The George Edwardes Production. BETTY. LAST EIGHT PERFORMANCES. Evenings, at 8. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., Ger. 201.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY and DAILY, 2.45. Evenings, Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.45. "JERRY," a New Farce. At 2.30, Dorothy Varick. YVONNE ARNAUD. CHARLES WINDERMERE.

GARRICK. At 8.30. "TIGER'S CUB." BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERADGE. Mats., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30; Evgs., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.

GLOBE.—Daily, 2.30. Evgs., Weds., Fris., Sats., 8.15. Miss MOYA MANNERING in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. 8.15. (Last 5 days.) WHO IS HE? HENRY AINLEY. Mats., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Every Evening, at 8. STAND AND DELIVER, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as Claude Duval. Matinee, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.

LYRIC. DORIS KEANE IN ROMANCE. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. OWEN NARES. A. E. ANSON.

NEW. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. CAROLINE. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Leonard Boyne. EVENINGS: Tues., Thurs., Fris. and Sats., at 8.30. MATINEES: Mons., Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. PLEASE HELP EMILY. Chas. Hawtrey and Gladys Cooper. Evenings (Mondays excepted), 8.40. Matinees, Weds., Thurs. and Sats., 2.40.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. MANHATTAN, a New Musical Play. Matinee. Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.30, ALFRED BUTT presents KITTY MACKAY, a Scottish Comedy. Matinee, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

ROYALTY. TO-DAY (Tues.), at 2.30 and 8. DISRAELI. By Louis N. Parker. DENNIS EADIE. GABRIELLE DORZIAT.

ST. JAMES'S. THE BASKER, by Clifford Mills. LAST 2 WEEKS (Final Performance, Sat. Evg., Ap. 15.) DAILY, at 2.30. Evening Performances, Sats. only, 8.15. GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.

SAVOY. At 8.15. Mr. H. B. IRVING. THE BARTON MYSTERY, by Walter Hackett. Every Evg. Mats., Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel., Ger. 2602.

SCALA.—2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR. Our Enemies on Both Fronts, Allied Navies, The Russians, ZEPPELINS, Prince of Wales at the Front, etc.

SHAFTESBURY. At 8.15. MY LADY FRAYLE. Robert Courtneidge's Production. A New Musical Play. Matinees, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.

DAILY MAIL ACTIVE SERVICE EXHIBITION, PRINCES SKATING CLUB, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, on behalf of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John. DAILY to APRIL 8th. 11 a.m to 9 p.m. Admission, 1s. till 5 p.m.; 5 to 8 p.m., 6d. Friday afternoons, 2s. 6d.

STRAND. Saturday Next, at 8.15, the New Farce, "THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS," by Stanley Cooke.

VAUDEVILLE. At 8.15. "SAMPLES!" New Version. H. Grattan's Revue, 8.15. MATS., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. At 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. A KISS FOR CINDERELLA, by J. M. Barrie. Gerald du Maurier. Hilda Trevelyan.

* * *

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super-Beauty Chorus.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35), with GERTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, NELSON KEYS, TEDDIE GERARD, CLARA EVELYN, A. SIMON GIRARD, GINA PALERME. Varieties at 8. MAT., WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9. Miss RUTH VINCENT, Miss CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," HARRY WELDON, JACK NORWORTH, GERTIE GITANA, GEORGE MOZART, JAY LAURIER, T. E. DUNVILLE, SAMMY SHIELDS.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. At 3 and 8. 43rd Consecutive Year in London. A delightful programme of startling novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. 'Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PERSONAL.

WAITING.—Trust safe. Must answer you; pray arrange; forgive.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces, 30s.; A1 silver-plated spoons and forks, finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Rowles, 56, Second-avenue, Manor Pk., Essex.

OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects; largest second-hand stock in the world; always reasonable.—Goldman's Uniformaries, Devonport. (Uniforms bought.)

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

TYPIST (Male) Wanted for newspaper office; must be smart and reliable.—Write full particulars to Box 1,001, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st, E.C.

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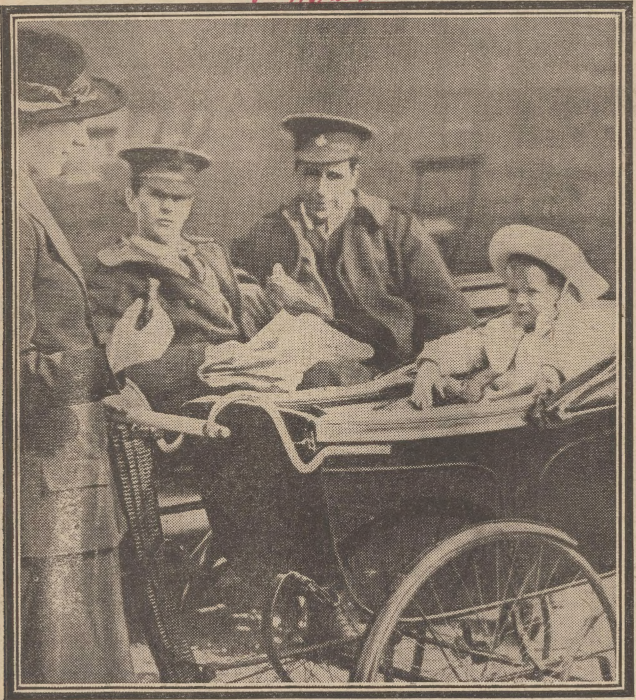
BABY PRINCE AND THE WOUNDED.

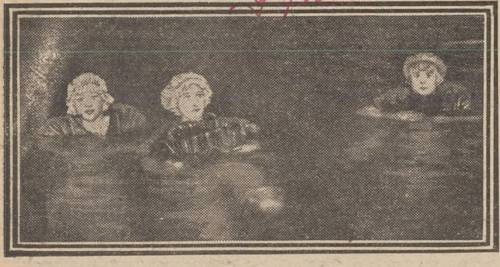


The little heir of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught made friends with these wounded soldiers, who were enjoying the sunshine in Hyde Park yesterday. His father is at the front.

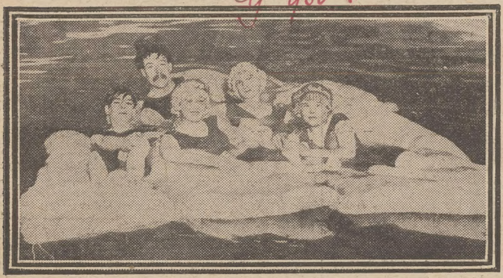
A POPULAR LANCASHIRE HERO.

Private William Young, V.C., of Preston, is very popular, and here he is seen being carried shoulder high by his comrades at hospital. His jaw has been shot away, and he is having an artificial one fitted.

MATTRESSES MAKE AN EXCELLENT RAFT.



They could float like this for hours together.



Four mattresses lashed together support several people.

Novel life-saving tests with Kapok rugs and blankets were carried out yesterday at the Y.M.C.A. swimming baths, Tottenham Court-road.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

FAVOURITE RETREAT.

Miss Kyrle Bellew, the actress, climbing to her favourite seat in an old tree.

ROMANCE OF A BELGIAN REFUGEE.

Sergeant A. D. Hine and the girl whom he found outside her blazing home during the bombardment of Antwerp. He was on his way to the coast with dispatches, and took her to Calais on the carrier of his motor-cycle. Arrived there, he was ordered to London, so conducted her across the Channel, where his people befriended her and where she has been ever since.

THE ONLY WAY FOR THE TURK.

Turkish artillery crossing the only bridge which spans the River Tigris at Bagdad. It is decorated with Turkish flags.

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